

Demons of the Mind

by D.M.P

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Summary: Poem which takes a look into Alloran's thoughts and the dark visions that lie within

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Days of endless misery

Interlocked with bouts of pain

Sprung up by the memory

Of sorrow and of shame

Regrets of the past

Is the only thing I find

As the people of the dead

Walk as demons in my mind

Tired as I am, I walk on

My body fighting for control

From the sinister force

Which is crushing my soul

Invisible anguish I express

Only on the plain of thought  
And the sacred freedom  
Is now something I have sought  
Now ghosts walk in daylight  
As I unwillingly re-live the past  
In the horrible disease of the head  
Which makes the darkness always last  
The black stain is always there  
Eternal scars I can recall  
Plaguing me with the deeds  
That led to my dishonored fall  
A silent killer flew  
Through the air on dark wings  
Slaying the helpless ones  
Eleven million beings  
Next I see the screaming desperates  
Dragged into the pool of shadow  
While my captor stands in charge  
And I watch, my spirit bowed.  
Then I am in the killing fields  
While the ones I had protected died  
Standing amid the drying blood  
My captor laughed while I had cried  
Waiting in the blackness  
These visions are now fading  
But to only spring again anew  
Forever-lasting, my soul bleeding  
What of hope, of joy, of love?  
Do I still have these feelings inside?  
No, they have but withered away

I'm but an blank shell of tortured hide.

Raven forms dancing in my head

Taunting me with the pain

Of the Past, Present, and Future

Full of loss, instead of gain

My Past is full of horror

Present and Future just the same

Will happiness ever touch

My weary soul again?

End  
file.